

# Newport



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## Poetry.

### "MY GIRL."

BY H. H. WILSON.

Playing, playing round me, playing,  
By the fire-side warm and bright,  
Is a little rosy cherub,  
Oh! she is the light of life!  
Rolling o'er the carpet there,  
Plying at the rocking-chair,  
Humming, humming everywhere!

Now she's in the room, now out,  
Now she's sitting by the stand;  
Now she's scolding foot about,  
Now she's patting him with hand,  
Thus she goes around the room,  
Now she's got the poker—boom—  
Now she's crying—now she talks—  
Now she's running—now she walks.

Now she falls—upon her lip,  
Going, going all the time;  
Never knowing when to stop,  
Now she's singing some old rhyme,  
Thus, from early morn till night,  
Humming this little cherub bright—  
Gem of Hope! with golden hair,  
All around me everywhere.

She is only three years old,  
Only three years old today;  
Does she think of other times?  
When black hair will turn to gray?  
Ah, she never thinks, not she,  
Of the days that are to be;  
Of the hopes, and cares, and fears,  
Days of toiling, joys and tears.

Little angel, may't thou ever  
Be joyful as thou art;  
Taste life's bitter cup, oh never!  
Or be doomed a broken heart,  
May thy hours be sunny hours,  
May thy path be strewn with flowers,  
And when death steals out thy spirit,  
Go, bright mansion to inherit.

## SPEAK GENTLY.

BY DAVID MATTHEWS.

Speak gently! It is better far  
To raise by love, than words of war.  
Speak gently—let not harsh words mar  
The good we might do here and there.

Speak gently! Love, little whisper low  
The words that touch the heart below;  
And gently Friendship's accents flow,  
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child!  
His love is pure to gain;  
Teach him in accents soft and mild;  
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they  
Will have enough to bear;  
Pass through this life as best they may,  
Till full of anxious care!

Speak gently to the aged one,  
Give him the care-worn heart;  
The smile of life is nearly run;  
Let such in peace depart!

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor;  
Let no harsh tone be heard;  
They have enough that must endure,  
Without an unkind word!

Speak gently to the erring—know,  
They may have fallen in vain;  
Perdence unknown made them so;  
Oh, win them back again!

## OUR DOUBLE NATURE.

Two lives the meanness of our life;  
One which the world befalls, and one,  
Whose hidden history none may give  
But he who lives it; be alone

Its wind-own's ecstasy can know  
Its ever changing streams of thought,  
Its vision bright and heaven fraught.

He of its secret joys may guess,  
And blush to hear the common praise  
Of actions, which, if rightly shown,  
Could only loud applause raise.

He of its nobler joys rejoice,  
Though none the virtues can behold;  
For sets that win the common voice  
Demand a blazonment of gold.

And so with full potential power  
For virtue's joys or proud desire,  
We pass through life and win a dower  
Of mingled praise and blame, that needs

A juster gauge the scales to hold  
Than mere of earth wealth cause and deed.  
Ourselves and God alone behold  
The motives which to actions lead.

And thus we gather fame and shame,  
Alike unmeasured—like untrue;  
Receiving praise where men should blame,  
And blame where praise is highly due.

The human heart is full  
Of love, that must be given,  
However checked, estranged and chilled,  
To something under heaven.

Mrs. Norton.

## Agriculture.

**FARM.**—Take up leaves from the woods  
as they fall, and put them in the compost  
heap. Cart headlands to the manure shed.  
Have a good supply of materials suitable  
for bedding, near the stables. Do not  
attempt to fatten more cattle than you can  
fully supply with food, or they will not  
afterwards flourish well, even if fully supplied.  
Young cattle cannot be brought  
up in flesh at an outlay which will pay,  
if neglected early.

Skin old woods of the surface soil, and  
replace half its value as manure with lime  
and ashes in the woods, and both farm and  
wood-land will gain in the exchange. Get  
all the night-soil you can, and mix it with  
head-land, &c., for the compost heap.

Wet the compost heap with salt lye from  
the soap-boilers, if you can get it. Use  
half a bushel of refuse salt to every cord  
of compost, to prevent re-germination of  
weeds, grubs, &c., &c. If you have not  
sufficient cellar room, make piles of your  
root crops, beets, turnips, carrots, &c., on  
high places, and cover with one inch of  
dry straw, and then with twelve inches  
of dry soil; leave small openings at the  
top for escape of air, and dig a trench  
around the heap with a gutter leading off  
to a lower spot, thus keeping the pile dry.  
Do not forget that corn is more valuable  
when changed to fat, than when found in  
the hog manure; and to secure the first  
condition, cook it before feeding to hogs,  
or your manure will be very rich, at too  
high a cost. Mr. Ellsworth has satisfactorily  
proved, that one pound of cooked  
corn, will make more pork than two pounds  
fed in the raw state.

Have analyses made of your soils, so  
as to be able to provide the necessary  
manures during winter, for spring use.

### Working Farmer.

**BARK-BOUND TREES.**—Some over-wise  
people have an idea that when a tree gets  
mossy and bark-bound—the latter but  
another form for the want of growth and  
weakness consequent upon neglected cultivation—it is only necessary to slit the  
bark up and down the stem with a jack-  
knife, and it will at once spread out and  
grow. This is sheer nonsense. Dig about  
and cultivate the roots, and the bark will  
take care of itself, with a scraping off of  
the moss, and a washing of the stem with  
ley or soap suds, or chamber slops, which  
last is quite as good. The increased flow  
of the sap, induced by a liberal feeding of  
the roots, will do its own bursting of the  
"hide bound" bark, which is simply its  
enfeebled condition as a consequence of  
its poverty of root. No one thinks of  
turning out a bony, half-starved calf in the  
spring in the clover field, with the skin on  
its sides all split through with a knife in  
order to add to its growth. And this last  
proposition is quite as sensible and philoso-  
phical as the other. Nature takes care  
of itself in those particulars. Sap in trees  
is what blood is to animals. Its vigorous  
flow reaches every part of its composition,  
and gives to each its proper play and function.  
We can show frequent instances of  
a decrepit, shriveled branch, by the throwing  
open and mauling of the roots, and a  
through pruning of the top, increased  
from an inch to two inches diameter in a  
single season; and without assistance as it  
grew, bursting and throwing off its old  
contracted bark as freely as the growth of  
a vigorous asparagus shoot would develop  
itself during a warm shower in May.

### American Agriculturist.

**DRAINAGE.**—Of the importance of  
drainage as a means of meliorating the  
soil, most persons are not sufficiently  
aware—none but those who have witnessed  
the good effects of this process, can properly  
appreciate its great benefits; for it has  
been well and truly said, that by drain-  
ing the soil is kept from being too wet,  
and also preserved from the effects of  
drought—that it is warmed by the summer  
showers, and escapes the chilling influ-  
ence of excessive moisture, and is kept  
from being baked by excessive heat—that  
it is percolated by currents of the all-per-  
meating air, laden with treasures of food for  
the plants, while at the same time the cut-  
ting blasts of wind pass harmlessly over it  
without drying out all the moisture, and  
producing excessive cold by evaporation.

### Prof. J. A. Warder.

**LADY BUGS.**—Whatever else you destroy  
in the insect line, never injure a lady bug;  
for in its larva, its pupa (two stages of  
metamorphoses) and its insect state, it  
feeds upon the aphids (the plant-lice), or  
"vine-fretters" that is so pestilent in gar-  
dens and green-houses, and even in win-  
dow-gardening among parlor plants.—  
Every child knows the lady-bug as well  
as the zoologist, who calls it "coleopter-  
cus," that is, sheat-winged, having its  
wings under cover of a pair of shells run-  
ning longitudinally. The wings are of  
various brilliant colors, generally between  
orange and deep red. It belongs to the  
same genus of insects as the beautiful  
cockchafer.—*Louisville Journal.*

## Selected Tale.

### BLANCHE.

AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY MRS. M. F. ROBINSON.

It was the year 1776. Boston wore a  
military looking appearance. Cannon  
were placed upon its eminences; tents  
covered the fields, and British troops daily  
paraded up and down the streets. A  
laughing, black-eyed girl, of seventeen,  
stood in the open door of a neat looking  
cottage, chatting in a lively manner with a  
British officer. The sparkling orbs of  
Blanche Evans were evidently a great  
attraction for the latter, and the young  
girl did not seem displeased with his com-  
pliments.

We do not condemn the taste of the  
aforesaid officer. No one could look upon  
the happy, smiling face of Blanche Evans,  
or listen to her wild, ringing laugh, with-  
out wishing to carry a moment beside her.  
There was music in her voice, beauty in  
her countenance, and infinite grace in her  
motions. Who could help flattering such  
a being?

"We are getting on finely, Miss Blanche.  
Our ranks are swelling. Every day we  
gain accessions to our numbers. Of course  
you congratulate us," observed Major Lis-  
ton, gallantly.

"O, certainly. A good cause should  
not fail for want of supporters," replied  
Blanche, gaily.

The major looked attentively at the  
young girl, thinking that the least possible  
amount of irony could be perceived in her  
words.

"Why do you look at me so intently,  
major?" she added, with a smile; "one  
would suppose I had undergone a sudden  
and complete metamorphosis."

"One feature, at least, is not changed,"  
rejoined the officer, a little confused.—  
"You can say as saucy things as ever."

But to tell you the truth, I was studying  
your countenance to learn if you meant  
what you said."

"I am astonished that you should doubt  
anything I say. You certainly know that  
my father is a Tory," answered Blanche,  
with mock seriousness.

"Yes, Miss Evans, I am aware of the  
fact; but it does not follow that his senti-  
ments are yours," observed the major,  
laughing in spite of himself.

"Would a daughter dare entertain senti-  
ments at variance with those of a father?"  
replied the young girl, in the same tone.

"I think I have heard my father's remarks  
too often on the obstinacy of the rebels in  
submitting to the authority of the king."

"Have you seen the regiment parade  
since we received reinforcements?" asked  
the major, abruptly changing the subject.

"They make a very fine appearance,"  
said she, smiling.

"O, yes; they pass here often. But  
why don't you act, Major Liston? It  
seems to me that you would be braver if not  
better, than tramping up and down these  
quiet streets, terrifying sober people."

"Act?" exclaimed the officer, "are we  
not acting every day? The cowardly dog  
will soon be upon their knees to us, be-  
seeching to be taken into favor again."

"Have we not cut off their foreign and do-  
mestic trade by water? Are not their places  
of business closed, and men of wealth re-  
duced to poverty by the means? This is the  
kind of action that is needed to make  
them submit."

"Sure enough," rejoined Blanche,  
quietly. "I was extremely dull not to  
have viewed the subject in this light before.  
But why not take a few companies and  
march into the country? it would be much  
more healthy. Besides we could spare you  
a while as well as not. Stop is already  
too much honored by your stay. Perhaps  
you fear bad treatment; but I dare say  
'outsiders' would exert themselves to the  
extent of their power to entertain you,"  
she added, laughingly.

Major Liston again looked earnestly at  
Blanche, but perceiving nothing unusual,  
he seemed satisfied.

"I should suspect you were wearied of  
my frequent visits if I heard such opinions  
expressed often; but even in that case, I  
should be the greatest loser by being de-  
prived of those witching smiles."

"Sheer flattery, major! I shall 'beat a  
retreat' if you become too romantic. But  
seriously, what is the cause of this new  
dissatisfaction on the part of the patriots?  
With what other trouble are they threat-  
ened?"

"I presume you refer to that day of fast-  
ing the rebels appointed. I should suppose  
they fasted often enough without petting  
themselves to the trouble to name a par-  
ticular day; provisions are scarce enough  
with them, at all events. Well, while the  
rustics were assembling and having some  
kind of performances within, a few of our  
men amused themselves with the harmless  
and innocent pleasure of beating drums,  
and blowing fifes. These infuriated peo-  
ple had the assurance to be offended at

this trifling thing, and instead of being  
grateful for the music furnished gratis,  
most needs put themselves into a great  
passion! They deserve to be severely  
punished for such unbecoming insolence!"  
exclaimed the major indignantly.

"They do indeed," replied Blanche,  
gravely. "Why not give them a few shots  
the first pleasant day?"

"All in good time, Mrs. Evans, all in  
good time. The rebels, no doubt, would  
scatter like frightened sheep. But they  
will hear from us yet, and soon, if my sus-  
picions are correct. Gen. Gage has already  
given orders to fortify Bunker Hill; so  
you perceive that something is meditated.  
By the way, is your father within? I  
would speak with him upon this subject."

"He is much interested, and will no doubt  
be glad to hear the news. But stop a mo-  
ment, Miss Blanche," added the major, in  
business like tone, as the young girl made  
a movement to enter the house. "I fear  
I shall never have a better opportunity to  
tell you my thoughts than at present.—  
You already know I like your company,  
and think you quite a handsome young lady.  
Wouldn't you like to become Mrs. Major  
Liston?" enquired the officer in a con-  
descending tone.

"You are out of order major; we were  
talking of war," replied Blanche, not at  
all discomfited. "I will speak to my  
father, if you wish to see him."

"Very well, Miss Evans, it is not at all  
necessary for you to stop to say 'yes,' now.  
Another time will do just as well." And  
the major complacently followed the young  
girl into the cottage, where he was soon  
joined by her father.

Closing the door upon them, Blanche so-  
liloquized Blanche Evans, as she walked  
along.

"Now if I am as fortunate in finding  
Edmund, I shall do very well, knowing the  
road so well. But how very clumsy I am,  
to be sure, and the unlucky cap came near  
making me trouble."

The distance was considerable and it  
was quite dark; but Blanche was a coura-  
geous girl and felt no fear. She was con-  
scious of performing her duty; this  
alone was sufficient to make her heart  
strong, and resolution was unshaken. As  
she neared the American outposts, she  
was again hailed by a sentinel.

"Who goes there?"

"A friend," replied Blanche, firmly.

"Advance friend, and give the pass  
word," he added.

"I have no countersign. I wish to  
speak with one of the rebel officers," pur-  
sued our heroine.

"There are no rebels here, boy, and  
none can pass without the usual sign. I  
shall be obliged to arrest you," answered  
the sentinel, sternly.

"I should prefer not to have you," said  
Blanche, laughing; "it wouldn't be pleas-  
ant. But it is imperatively necessary that  
I should see an officer. I have valuable  
news to communicate," she added, more  
seriously.

"What officer would you see?" asked  
the guard.

"Colonel Murray," she replied.

"Well as you are a bright looking boy,  
and appear to be honest, I will direct you  
to him as soon as I am relieved from guard,  
which will be very soon. But while we  
wait tell me what the British are doing in  
the town. Is anything new transpiring?"  
he continued.

"I am not at liberty to speak of their  
plans, and it would be very wrong for me  
to assert that some new course of action  
is meditated. Don't you think so?" re-  
joined Blanche, gravely.

"That depends upon circumstances,"  
replied the sentinel, smiling. "But upon  
honor, I like you. What a pity that such  
a fine looking lad should side with the  
British. You will make a handsome sol-  
dier, however. But come—I am ready to  
conduct you to the colonel."

Blanche followed her guide to a tent,  
and was left alone for a few moments.—  
Soon the door opened, and a young and  
noble looking officer, dressed in American  
uniform entered.

"Blanche!" he exclaimed, hastening  
towards her.

"Edmund!" cried the young girl, joy-  
fully.

"How came you here, my dear girl—  
What has happened? Why this disguise?"  
he asked anxiously.

"Give yourself no uneasiness in re-  
ference to me," replied Blanche. "I did  
not think you would recognize me so  
readily. I came here alone, and assumed  
this dress to avoid being recognized by  
the British guard; it availed me but little  
however. I bring important information.  
It may effect the safety of the whole  
American army."

"Tell me quickly—I am impatient to  
hear!" cried her companion.

"A few hours since I overheard a con-  
versation between my father and an officer.  
I discovered that the British contemplate  
fortifying Charlestown heights, at once—  
I also learned the pass-word, and without  
loss of time, donned a suit of my brother's  
and hastened hither to inform you."

"You are a noble girl, Blanche; you  
deserve, and will receive the thanks of all  
the patriots!" exclaimed the colonel,  
warmly.

"Your commendation is sufficient," re-  
turned Blanche. "Too much praise  
would turn my giddy head."

"No fear of that," answered the officer,  
affectionately. "You are much too sensi-  
ble to value silly flattery. What you have  
told me is indeed of consequence, and we  
will endeavor to forestall the enemy by  
having our troops on the ground before  
morning. I will immediately see General  
Ward, and communicate the information,  
and then accompany you on your return as  
far as it will be safe."

Saying these words the officer left the  
tent. In the course of half an hour he re-  
turned, and Blanche, attended by him,  
commenced retracing her steps. Beguil-  
ling the time by conversation, distance  
seemed much shorter, and soon our hero-  
ine found herself alone and approaching  
Boston Neck. Passing the British senti-  
nel with merely a few remarks on the suc-  
cess of her mission, she hastened on.—  
Having made arrangements for entering  
the cottage, before starting, she found no  
difficulty in reaching her room without  
disturbing any one.

Upon entering the parlor in the morn-  
ing, she was somewhat astonished at per-  
ceiving Major Liston. The hour was an  
early one, and his visits were usually made  
later.

"Good morning, Miss Blanche," ob-  
served the officer, politely. "I am an  
early riser, you perceive. To save the  
trouble of coming again to-morrow, I re-

soliloquized Blanche Evans, as she walked  
along.

"Now if I am as fortunate in finding  
Edmund, I shall do very well, knowing the  
road so well. But how very clumsy I am,  
to be sure, and the unlucky cap came near  
making me trouble."

The distance was considerable and it  
was quite dark; but Blanche was a coura-  
geous girl and felt no fear. She was con-  
scious of performing her duty; this  
alone was sufficient to make her heart  
strong, and resolution was unshaken. As  
she neared the American outposts, she  
was again hailed by a sentinel.

"Who goes there?"

"A friend," replied Blanche, firmly.

"Advance friend, and give the pass  
word," he added.

"I have no countersign. I wish to  
speak with one of the rebel officers," pur-  
sued our heroine.

"There are no rebels here, boy, and  
none can pass without the usual sign. I  
shall be obliged to arrest you," answered  
the sentinel, sternly.

"I should prefer not to have you," said  
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"I am not at liberty to speak of their  
plans, and it would be very wrong for me  
to assert that some new course of action  
is meditated. Don't you think so?" re-  
joined Blanche, gravely.

"That depends upon circumstances,"  
replied the sentinel, smiling. "But upon  
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"Blanche!" he exclaimed, hastening  
towards her.

"Edmund!" cried the young girl, joy-  
fully.

"How came you here, my dear girl—  
What has happened? Why this disguise?"  
he asked anxiously.

"Give yourself no uneasiness in re-  
ference to me," replied Blanche. "I did  
not think you would recognize me so  
readily. I came here alone, and assumed  
this dress to avoid being recognized by  
the British guard; it availed me but little  
however. I bring important information.  
It may effect the safety of the whole  
American army."

"Tell me quickly—I am impatient to  
hear!" cried her companion.

"A few hours since I overheard a con-  
versation between my father and an officer.  
I discovered that the British contemplate  
fortifying Charlestown heights, at once—  
I also learned the pass-word, and without  
loss of time, donned a suit of my brother's  
and hastened hither to inform you."

"You are a noble girl, Blanche; you  
deserve, and will receive the thanks of all  
the patriots!" exclaimed the colonel,  
warmly.

"Your commendation is sufficient," re-  
turned Blanche. "Too much praise  
would turn my giddy head."

"No fear of that," answered the officer,  
affectionately. "You are much too sensi-  
ble to value silly flattery. What you have  
told me is indeed of consequence, and we  
will endeavor to forestall the enemy by  
having our troops on the ground before  
morning. I will immediately see General  
Ward, and communicate the information,  
and then accompany you on your return as  
far as it will be safe."

Saying these words the officer left the  
tent. In the course of half an hour he re-  
turned, and Blanche, attended by him,  
commenced retracing her steps. Beguil-  
ling the time by conversation, distance  
seemed much shorter, and soon our hero-  
ine found herself alone and approaching  
Boston Neck. Passing the British senti-  
nel with merely a few remarks on the suc-  
cess of her mission, she hastened on.—  
Having made arrangements for entering  
the cottage, before starting, she found no  
difficulty in reaching



Miss Maudie Cason, of Keene, N. H., a girl of nineteen, won the highest prize of fifteen dollars for the exhibition of equestrian skill in Bedford, Va., riding the old "Green Mountain Horse" around the track bare back, until grown aggruise.

On the 29th a colored man, named David Royster, died at Corliss, Mass., at the age of one hundred and seventeen years.

The Chinese potato is likely to succeed here, after all. Mr. Prince, of Flushing, L. I., has 35,000 plants of it; and he says it will make good bread, and succeed every other potato, and in three years the annual crop in this country will exceed the cotton in value.

Charles Carpentier, the principal person implicated in the late frauds upon the Northern Railroad of France, was arraigned at Newburgh, N. Y., on Friday, and is now in jail in New York city on a civil charge.

In the yard of Wm. H. Lyman of Broomfield, may now be seen the products from two pumpkin seeds, this season, as follows: 536 feet of vine and 13 pumpkins weighing 220 pounds.


A Mr. Watson has invented a sewing-machine, said to be a good one, and sold for \$10. Mrs. Sparrowgrass can now do her own sewing.

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One of our exchanges says, a man was seen to swallow several glasses, and in less than ten minutes he became a tumbler.

2 SATURDAY,	6 24	5 3	5	30
3 SUNDAY,	6 26	5 2	5	19
4 MONDAY,	6 27	5 1	5	18
5 TUESDAY,	6 28	5 49	sets.	16
6 WEDNESDAY,	6 29	4 67	5 11	15
7 THURSDAY,	6 31	4 57	5 39	11
8 FRIDAY,	6 22	4 56	16	9

New Moon. 28th day, 5th hour, 11m. morn.





[illegible]

corn & birch brooms,	gar,
in pails and baskets,	184 boxes
other wooden ware,	264 boxes

144 *Rumex* & *W.*, *comp.*  
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ST REMOVED per Shop Willard from New York, and offered at wholesale and at the lowest prices, by  
**CORNELL & DENNIS,**  
NO. 23 BROAD STREET.  
as Brown Sugar, Extra Dry Butterm,  
is Crushed do, do Cheese,  
Medium do, Large do,  
do do, Lard Oil,  
do C do, Rice,  
Powdered do, Buckwheat,  
fine Y H Tea, do do Grand Spice,  
do do, Unground do,  
do fine Oolong do, Box Raisins,  
do do, Citron,  
Gunpowder do, Brooms,  
Java Breakfast do, Baskets,  
do Peaches do, Wrapping Paper,

Cider  
Dairy

Wine do,	Table do,
Old do,	Oil do,
Ground do,	Pepper Sauce,
Flour,	Pickles,
It's do in bags,	Catnaps,
do half lbs,	Extra Mustard,
do A White Starch,	Macaroni,
do any,	Vermicelli,
do Green Grapes,	Sago,
do a's Fruit,	Smoking Tobacco,
do Flour,	Smoking do,
do Starch,	do Cigars, &c. &c. &c.
do Wash,	

**Washed Beef**—The Warm weather selfish  
 an always be found at the store at  
 H. H. Young, Female Corner.  
 cost 12 1/2 cts per pound July 30.

**ESSENTIALS, Citroness, Raisins, Brandy, Spleen,**  
 and all the other things used for cake etc.

making, just received at  
May 17. H

100-40 bbls extra Genesee Flour in bags  
 and barrels. Good chance to get a barrel  
 flour low. H. H. YOUNG,  
 Parade corner.  
**FLOUR.**  
 NEW LOT OF DOUBLE EXTRA in bbls  
 and Hucks, in 1-8 and 1-4 bags, at  
 94 1/2 cents st.  
 R. H. STANTON  
 April 29.  
**Ward,**  
**Sham,**  
**Shoulders,**  
**Smoked Beef,**  
**Beef Tongues, at**  
 April 29. STANTON'S.

April 20 R. H.

men—All made just received at the **Farmer's**  
**Farmer Grocery.**  
 ay 19. **H. H. YOUNG.**

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**Clothing.**  
**READY MADE CLOTHING.**  
 JUST RECEIVED a very large assortment of  
 FASHIONABLE READY MADE CLOTH-  
 ing, of every description for men and boys. All  
 of the highest quality, and at prices that cannot fail to  
 please. Also Shirts, Collars, Bosoms, Hairs, Sues-  
 ters, Stacks, Neck Ties, Gloves, Hosiery, and  
 other articles usually called for in the Fol-  
 lowing Goods Line.

**HATS & CAPS**  
 the Latest Styles, and at low prices. Also on

umbrellas, &c. &c., Call and  
inquire at.

12 STEPHEN HAMMETT.  
fashionable Tailoring Establishment  
No. 165 Thackeray Street  
subscriber, would respectfully invite the atten-  
tion of the public, to his fashionable  
assortment of new Winter Goods con-  
sisting in part, of  
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, AND VESTINGS  
which will be made to order, or ac-  
cording to garments of the latest style, in the most  
thorough manner.  
WILLIAM B. SWAN.  
*New Goods.*  
JUST received, a large and fashionable assort-  
ment of spring goods, consisting of Cloth-  
ing and Vestings of the latest styles and  
patterns, for men, boys, and children, ac-  
cording to the latest style, in the most  
thorough manner.  
WILLIAM B. SWAN.

all other articles kept in establishment.

particular attention paid to cutting, and general  
 April 5. **JOSEPH M. HAMMETT,**  
 Clothing, Hats, Caps, &c.  
 THE INCREASING demand for Clothing, Hats,  
 Caps, &c., in this city, has obliged me to en-  
 large my store by which I am enabled to give  
 it light, more room and a larger variety to  
 call upon with the money I pay  
 and you are at liberty to purchase those  
 which are the best and a good price.  
 Dec 11. **J. H. COZZENS,** 152 Thami's St.

Oct 11 SWINBU  
Winter Clothing

**J. H. GOZZINE**, 161 Thomsen st.  
days. Having a very large stock of Goats  
and other garments for the approaching  
fall, and wanting money to meet my own bills,  
I wish to sell them cheaply. I have determined  
to sell all the same from my store at half price.  
It will be any inducement to my customers to quickly  
purchase.

**SWINBURNE & GOFFE,**  
**2 doors north Post Office.**

**Felt Hats—One case of Low Crown Felt Hats—**  
the largest stock of Ready Made Clothing  
in town. This day received at

**SWINBURNE & GOFFE**  
**2 doors north Post Office.**

nothing for the People, nor clothing  
the largest stock of Ready Made Clothing  
in town. This day received at

**SWINBURNE & GOFFE**  
**2 doors north Post Office.**

Oct. 11. J. H. COZZEN

CASES UMBRELLAS, from 62 cents to \$3  
a piece. Also, the patent folding Umbrella  
a day received at  
**EWINGBURNE & GOPPEY**



